

The Fifty States in Rhyme



When I was small I studied U.S. Geography.
My teacher said, "Would you stand up and list the states for me?"
My knees began a-knockin',
My words fell out all wrong,
Then suddenly, I burst out with this silly little song!

Alabama and Alaska, Arizona, Arkansas,
California, Colorado and Connecticut and more.
Delaware, Florida, Georgia. Then Hawaii, Idaho,
Illinois, Indiana, Iowa. Still 35 to go!



Kansas and Kentucky, Louisiana, Maine,
Maryland, Massachusetts and good old Michigan.
Minnesota, Mississippi, Missouri and Montana,
Then Nebraska's 27. Number 28's Nevada.



Next, New Hampshire and New Jersey,
And way down, New Mexico.
There's New York, North Carolina, North Dakota, Ohio.
Oklahoma, Oregon, Pennsylvania. Now let's see...
Rhode Island, South Carolina, South Dakota, Tennessee.



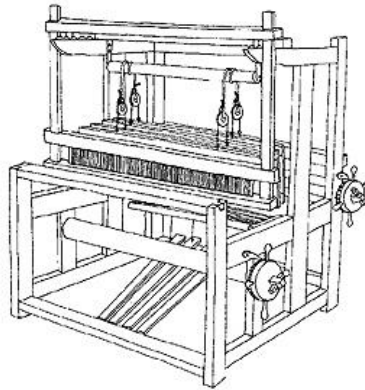
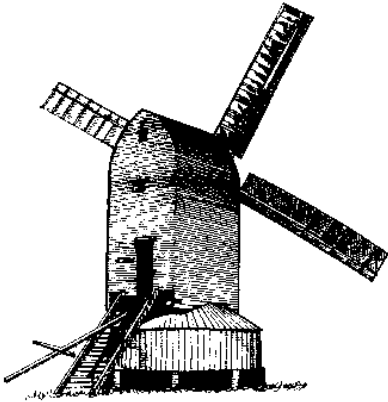


Texas and there's Utah, Vermont, I'm almost through!
Virginia and there's Washington and West Virginia, too.
Could Wisconsin be the last state? Or is it 49?
No, Wyoming is the last state in the 50 States that Rhyme!



When, I sat down all out of breath,
The teacher said, "That's great!
I'm quite impressed you were the best in listing all the states.
But if you want to get an 'A' for that silly little rhyme,
Stand back up and sing that song,
But do it in double time!"

In the Good Old Colony Times



In the good old colony times, when we lived under the king,
Three roguish chaps fell into mishaps because they could not sing.
Because they could not sing, because they could not sing,
Three roguish chaps fell into mishaps, because they could not sing.

The first he was a miller. The second he was a weaver,
And the third he was a little tailor boy with a broadcloth under his arm.
With a broadcloth under his arm, with a broadcloth under his arm,
And the third he was a little tailor boy with a broadcloth under his arm.

The miller, he stole corn. The weaver, he stole yarn.
And the little tailor boy stole broadcloth enough to keep the three rogues warm.
To keep the three rogues warm, to keep the three rogues warm,
And the little tailor boy stole broadcloth enough to keep the three rogues warm.

The miller fell in his pond. The weaver got caught in his yarn,
And the sheriff caught the little tailor boy with the broadcloth under his arm.
With the broadcloth under his arm, with the broadcloth under his arm,
And the sheriff caught the little tailor boy with the broadcloth under his arm.

Rock Island Line



Refrain:

I say the Rock Island Line is a mighty good road.
I say the Rock Island Line is the road to ride.
I say the Rock Island Line is a mighty good road.
If you want to ride it,
Got to ride it like you find it.
Get your ticket at the station,
For the Rock Island Line.

Verse 1:

May be right and I may be wrong.
Know you're gonna miss me when I'm gone.

Refrain :||

Verse 2:

A, B, C, double X, Y, Z.
Cats in the cupboard, but they don't see me.

Refrain

Git Along, Little Dogies

Verse 1:

As I was a'walking one morning for pleasure,
I spied a cowpuncher a'riding alone.
His hat was throwed back and his spurs was a'jingling,
And as he approached he was singing this song.

Chorus:

Whoopie ti-yi-yo, git along, little dogies!
It's your misfortune and none of my own.
Whoopie, ti-yi-yo, git along, little dogies!
You know that Wyoming will be your new home.

Verse 2:

It's early in spring that we round up the dogies.
We mark them and brand them and bob off their tails.
We round up our horses, load up the chuckwagon,
And then throw the dogies out on to the trail.

Chorus

Verse 3:

It's whooping and yelling and driving the dogies,
And oh, how I wish you would only go on.
It's whooping and punching, go on little dogies.
You know that Wyoming will be your new home.

Chorus

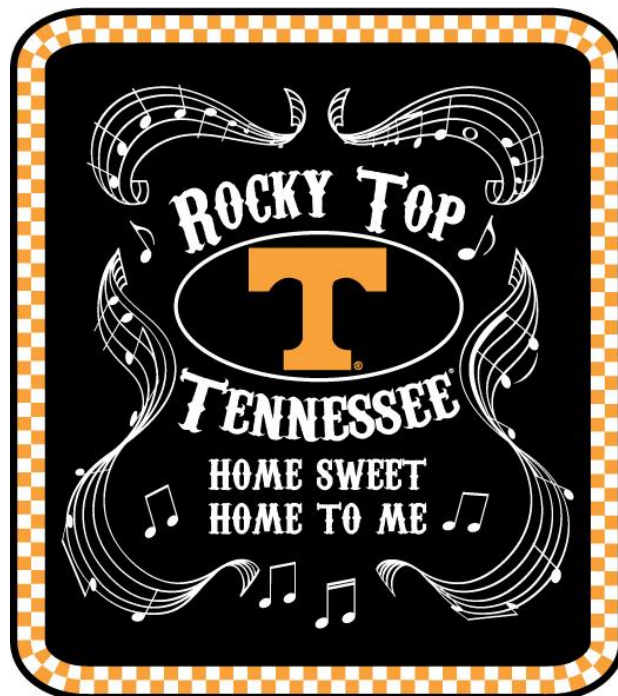


Rocky Top

Wish that I was on old Rocky Top,
Down in the Tennessee hills.
Ain't no smoggy smoke on Rocky Top,
Ain't no telephone bills.

Once I had a girl on Rocky Top,
Half bear, other half cat.
Wild as a mink but sweet as soda pop,
I still dream about that.

Rocky Top you'll always be,
Home sweet home to me.
Good old Rocky Top,
Rocky Top, Tennessee,
Rocky Top, Tennessee.



Free to Be You and Me



There's a land that I see where the children are free,
And I say it ain't far to this land from where we are.
Take my hand, come with me, where the children are free,
Come with me, take my hand and we'll live...

Chorus:

In a land where the river runs free,
In a land through the green country,
In a land to a shining sea,
In a land where the horses run free.
And you and me are free to be you and me.

I see a land bright and clear and the time's comin' near,
When we'll live in this land, you and me hand in hand.
Take my hand, come along, lend your voice to my song,
Come along, take my hand, sing a song...

Chorus:

For a land where the river runs free.
For a land through the green country,
For a land to a shining sea,
For a land where the horses run free.
And you and me are free to be you and me.

Every boy in this land grows to be his own man.
In this land every girl grows to be her own woman.
Take my hand, come with me, where the children are free.
Come with me, take my hand and we'll run...

Chorus:

To a land where the river runs free,
To a land through the green country,
To a land to a shining sea,
To a land where the horses run free,
And you and me are free to be you and me.